

The Inverse of Solitude

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Summary: Simmons is finally starting to get a clue. 100words, slash, RvB.

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**Yaay, another Grif/Simmons drabble! Review, plz! **

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>It's the small things that Simmons has started appreciating.<p><p>

The smell of Blood Gulch, when he takes off his helmet. The soft breeze that is too rare, blowing gently through and taking the edge off the sun's raw heat.

And Grif. Smug, arrogant, Grif, sitting in the Puma's passenger seat, his helmet hanging precariously off one of the mirrors as he props his orange-armored feet up on the dashboard. Grif, with that mocking, shit-eating grin, stubbing out a cigarette on the kitchen counter. Grif, moving as quietly and gracefully as a cat, like the soldier he doesn't want to be.

End
file.